



this had been viewed by Southern men. He reminded the South of the convictions on the Missouri question, contrasting their sensitiveness at that time with their indifference now.

Mr. BRONSON justified the course of the committee in reporting the bill. It was true that the lands had not been sold for sale, but the Indians with had soon been extinguished in a large portion of them, and they would soon be thrown into market. Although the Indians had not a fee-simple in their lands, many of them had leases, and were legally on the soil; others held pre-emption rights, and would become citizens as soon as the titles were proclaimed and land offices established. A section of country extending three hundred miles up the Mississippi, and from fifty to eighty miles west of it, and containing some of the richest and most fertile land in America, would be shortly thrown open for sale. Mr. B. denied the principle that Territorial Government should not pre-cede land sales. The very opposite principle was true, and had been acted on in all the Territories. Pre-emption laws would be passed, and adventures would go into the wilderness; and it would be easy to stop the rising of the sun, as this course of things in America. The part of wisdom was to provide for it. There lay to the west of the Mississippi an extent of this territory much larger than the State of New York; and, from its situation, the people had different interests and feelings, in many respects, from those in that portion of the territory east of the Mississippi, and it was extremely inconvenient to them to have their seat of Government, as at present, across the river. His complimented Mr. Thompson on his speech, with which he had stated his objections to the bill, but reminded him that, however the aspect of this question might threaten the South, it was vain to deprecate the multiplication of Northern States. The ordinance of 1787 provided for one new one within the former Northwestern Territory, and the rejection of this bill would not prevent it. East Wisconsin was rapidly filling with people, and, as soon as it contained 600,000, they might establish a State organization, and it would be denied them.

Mr. POPE corroborated these views, and quoted a provision in the treaty of Louisiana, in which it was solemnly stipulated that the whole of that region should be incorporated into the United States. The new States, which the gentleman seemed so much to dread, were not ready for admission, and had not asked it. That question, therefore, did not yet come up. East Wisconsin had asked, and a bill was now reported to admit her into the Union.

He deprecated the attempt to draw a line between free States and slave States in the valley of the Mississippi. It was utterly vain. The population of that valley was one and indivisible in feeling and interest, and so they must ever remain. As to the fact that the population of the proposed Territory consisted of squatters, the more extensively that was true the stronger was the argument for the bill. If those people had got our land, the sooner we should have them the better. He adverted to the history of the other Territories, now States, and strenuously vindicated the squatters from the injurious imputations so often cast upon them. They were no claimants adverse to the United States, but looked to the United States for legal title; and he earnestly denied that they were trespassers according to the true intent and meaning of any law now in existence.

Congress had never viewed them as such; in proof of which, he adduced the fact that, when they had been forcibly removed from the Cherokee cessions, Government had given them flats for 300 acres each as a remuneration for the lands taken from them. He was in favor of having a Territorial Government established as early as possible. As to Texas, he should not oppose its reception because it was a slave State, nor should he advocate it on that ground. That consideration had nothing to do with the question, in his view. He anticipated that many that were now slave States would become free States.

Mr. THOMPSON observed that what Mr. Bronson had said about the ordinance of '87 afforded but another instance to show with what complacency men sometimes venture to instruct others in what they did not understand themselves. When that ordinance was examined, it would be found that this famous man's nest which the honorable gentleman had discovered did not contain a single article on the subject of the meaning of any law now in existence. The ordinance did not assign the Mississippi as the western border of the State, of which the gentleman had spoken. Mr. T. then read from the ordinance, to show that it was composed in terms which could not now be complied with; and, therefore our argument lay from the language assigned. The Mississippi was the western boundary of the Union then; but he had since acquired Louisiana, and quite extend to the west without violating the spirit of the ordinance. As to waiting as proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Pope,) till these new States came knocking at the door of Congress for admission, it would then be too late to raise the question; now was the time to consider it, before they were ripe to man's estate. What was wanted by the South was nothing but a "hindering power" in the Senate, which should be sufficient to resist the accomplishment of any design against the slave States. This was the ground of their anxiety for the admission of Texas.

Mr. C. SHEPARD opposed the bill. He denied that the people must be without law if it was rejected. The settlements were very few: one at Green Bay, another at Milwaukee, and some scattered population above the banks of the Mississippi, constitute the whole. The rest of the region was a wilderness. They might get along very well under the Wisconsin Government at Madison. As to the alleged difficulty in the administration of justice, that could be obviated by the erection of a new judicial district west of the frontier.

Mr. S. spoke with some severity against squatters, and the system of pre-emption. He never would sanction such a bill as this till those people had been duly punished for existing on what was not their own. He would be for going there with an armed force, and putting them out by the strong hand. If this Government could not protect what was its own property, it was time it was dissolved. He denied any advantage from scattering our population over new regions, and contended that the nation would be happier and more prosperous if restrained within narrower limits. As to the question of free and slave States, he had resolved not to speak on it in that house; but he kept his eyes open, and transmitted to his constituents a faithful and minute account of all that was said and done here which had any reference to that subject. It was but a few days since the House had heard harsh croakings and dove-like lamentations about the fate of the poor Cherokees; but the same language from whom they came was not very eager to establish a new Territory, and have the feelings thus extinguished, preparatory to white settlement. He invited them, if they were so much opposed to fraudulent Indian treaties, to oppose with him, the purchase of any more Indian lands, for all the treasure there, would continue to be fraudulent and corrupt. The United States had land enough; our people did not need any more. He was against buying any more. This was the true line of policy, though he had little hope of ever seeing it adopted.

Mr. H. WHITE of Kentucky, defended the bill with earnestness, insisting that it was in strict accordance with the uniform practice of the Government heretofore. He was surprised at the argument of Mr. Mercer, who seemed to think that Congress should never erect two Territories contiguous to each other, and must not, therefore, create a Territory of Iowa till Wisconsin became a State. He quoted numerous instances in our past history where this had been done. There was no need the population should be freeholders. If their number amounted to five thousand, they might be erected into a Territory. The Government was for men, not for lands. And there were as many, if not more, people now in Iowa than had been in all the other Territories put together when they were successively erected. The Committee on Indian Affairs had had credible evidence that there were forty thousand people now in that region of country, and the tide of emigration was setting with increasing strength. As to the fears of Southern gentlemen from the creation of new States at the North, the rejection of this bill would not affect that master; it neither accelerated nor retarded the growth those gentlemen should. As soon as the required amount of population should be within a certain boundary, they might demand to be erected into a new State. An additional reason why the people west of the Mississippi should be placed under a separate Territory was, that the privileges of a separate five per cent. fund for roads, &c., did not extend to them, as it did to the States formed out of the Northwest Territory. He hoped the bill would not be rejected.

The question being now put on Mr. Marston's motion to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, it was rejected without a count.

Senate, June 1st.

Territory of Iowa.

June 1st, the bill to divide the Territory of Wisconsin, and to establish the Territorial Government of Iowa (west of the Mississippi) being under discussion.

On motion of Mr. CLOUTIER, of Alabama, all but white men were expressly excluded from the right of suffrage under the bill.

A child's death is thus beautifully described:

In some rude spot where vulgar herbs grow,  
If chance a violet bears, its purple head,  
The careful gardener moves it where it blows,

To thrive and flourish a nobler head.

Such was thy fate, dear child.

The dying speech:

For earth, too good perch;

And loved too much—

Heaven and earth marked thee for its own.

## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

EDITED BY G. BAILEY, JR.

CINCINNATI:

Tuesday Morning, July 3, 1838.

“We hope every Abolitionist will read our article on the first page, entitled “Work for Abolitionists.”

“**T**EXAS.—We were not among those who were deceived by the Annexation-game. We forewarned our readers again and again, that slave-holders had not abandoned this nefarious project; that it was permitted only to slumber until a more convenient season, and that all the movements in Texas, with regard to withdrawing its petition for annexation, were delusive. Nothing, we were sure, but the decisive demonstration of public opinion at the North, had prevented citizens as soon as the states were proclaimed and land offices established. A section of country extending three hundred miles up the Mississippi, and from fifty to eighty miles west of it, and containing some of the richest and most fertile land in America, would be shortly thrown open for sale.—Mr. B. denied the principle that Territorial Government should not precede land sales. The very opposite principle was true, and had been acted on in all the Territories.—Pre-emption laws would be passed, and adventures would go into the wilderness; and it would be easy to stop the rising of the sun, as this course of things in America. The part of wisdom was to provide for it. There lay to the west of the Mississippi an extent of this territory much larger than the State of New York; and, from its situation, the people had different interests and feelings, in many respects, from those in that portion of the territory east of the Mississippi, and it was extremely inconvenient to them to have their seat of Government, as at present, across the river. His complimented Mr. Thompson on his speech as it appears in the Intelligencer.

“**T**Whether Abolition be a foul demon or not, it assuredly is a rich fountain of poetic inspiration. Read Whittier's exquisite poem on our fourth page; and read again the “Tocsin” of Pierpont. But where is the Poet Laureate of slavery?

“**T**It will be seen that Mr. Adams has been making a great speech in the House on the Texas question. We commence to-day its publication from the National Intelligencer. He has exhibited the Committee on Foreign Affairs in a rich fountain of poetic inspiration. Read Whittier's exquisite poem on our fourth page; and read again the “Tocsin” of Pierpont. But where is the Poet Laureate of slavery?

“**T**At a meeting of the middle Fork of White-Water Anti-Slavery Soc., held 12th of 5th Mo., 1838, the following resolution was adopted.

“**R**esolved, That in responding to the call from Decatur county, we heartily unite in their proposal; and as friends of Liberty and the Rights of Man, we comply therewith by sending to the editor of the Philanthropist the undersigned names, members of our Society.”

Jacob Grave, Prest; Israel French, Pusey Grave, David L. Grave, Gibson Teas, Samuel Mitchell, John McCormick, Elihu Cox, Ajen Grave, Nathan Grave, Enos Grave, sen., Abel Shields, Rowland Read, Stephen Teas.

At a meeting of the Richmond Anti-Slavery Society, held 26th of 5th Mo., 1838, the following resolution was adopted.

“**R**esolved, That we respond to the call from the Decatur county Anti-Slavery Society, by forwarding to the editor of the Philanthropist the names of the members of this Society.

John Sailor, Prest; E. B. Quiner, Wm. Brown, S. Smith, Wm. Mansfield, Edwin Swain, F. B. Loveland, K. N. Quiner, E. P. Loveland, D. S. Campbell, H. B. Payne, Jno. A. Phelps, C. Hunt, Howell Gray, Francis Delby, Wm. A. Morgan, E. Vicars, E. Smith, Jno. M. Hutton, P. Crocker, P. Crocker, sen., Enos Grave, jun., William Lindsay, S. Sufferin, Joseph Osborne, E. F. Bynum, Milton Grave, J. Patterson, Maurice Place, S. Lester, W. Vicars, Kersey Grave, secy; Rhoda Lindsay, C. Lindsay, M. Jennings, E. A. Lindsey, E. J. Derrickson, D. B. Derrickson, Amy Prior, N. Allen, R. Cox, E. Gravé, C. Horner, R. J. Cox, C. Swain, E. Phelps, A. Crocker, J. Crocker, A. H. Cox, Elizabeth Phelps, R. J. Teas, Elizabeth Read.

From the foregoing our readers will learn, that the majority of the Friends in Indiana are about to co-operate with us.

The subjoined names have been forwarded to us by Rev. M. H. Wilder.

“**T**HE SOUTH REQUIRES IT.—One of the witnesses on the late trial of the Rioters, testified that one of the defendants in conversation with him had approved the destruction of the Philanthropist press, remarking that “the South required a demonstration of that kind!” The South required it! exerted motive!

“**M**ISTAKE CORRECTED.—We are informed that we were mistaken in stating that Judge Wright did not know. We suppose it must be either in Fairfield or Bath.

Mr. Wilder in his letter says, “Can you not procure a delegation from the Parent Society to attend our meeting?” (If they do not send a delegation they will neglect their duty, that's all—or rather that is our opinion. Surely Indiana needs help.) “I do not expect a large Convention, yet it is not the less important that one should be held. Our State has abundant materials for Abolitionists, but it must be aroused and brought into the work. We need an agent. In fact without one, we shall always be on the back ground. We have a society at Bath, 2 miles from this place, (Fairfield,) 12 miles West of Ohio; with 25 members. It was organized in March last. I shall probably send you another list of names before the 30th of the month; but I thought that I ought to let you know what we were doing now.”

We invite attention to the following communication from Messrs. P. and K. Grave.

“In conformity with a request of some of our Anti-Slavery friends of Decatur co., and an appointment of the Middle Fork of White Water Anti-Slavery Society, we have been seeking out a place, making arrangements, &c., for the proposed Anti-Slavery Convention. For this purpose a few days ago we rode to Milton, a village situated in the western part of this county, where we procured accommodations. We obtained, on application to the trustees, the privilege of occupying a large, commodious public school house, 44 feet long and 22 wide, and furnished with seats. Our reasons in preferring this section of the state for the Convention, if the circumstance of its being about the centre of representation, (as we presume it will be, calculating by the average distance of the present anti-slavery organizations, there being but few societies formed in the western part of the State,) is not sufficient, a few remarks descriptive of its advantages for that purpose, may serve as additional motive.”

THE LAST WESTERN MESSENGER, contains a good article on the subject of “Negro Apprenticeship in the West Indies.” Such an article is peculiarly seasonable in Kentucky, in view of the agitation of the Convention-question. The editors of that State (we would suggest with much deference) could not do a better thing just now, than bring before their readers the whole truth in relation to Emancipation in the British colonies. It certainly is not the part of wisdom for a community which contemplates the ultimate abolition of slavery within its limits, to shut out the light of that noble act of justice, by which 800,000 slaves were at once transformed into free laborers.

THE GREENTOWN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at its annual meeting, April 3, 1838, elected the following officers for the present year. Wm. Karchan, prest; Robt. Wilson, secy.; Solomon Flack, treasurer.

THE CHURCH.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Troy Conference.

This Conference met in Keesville, (N. Y.) June 6th. The same course of proceedings was attempted against Abolitionists, as had been pursued in the New York Conference. In the examination of character such questions were asked as the following.—“Does the brother circulate Zion's Watchman?” “Is he the author of such and such communications, published in the Watchman?” “Did the brother attend the Utica Convention?” “Is the brother the individual whose name is attached to a letter published in the Watchman?”

The Watchman furnishes some rare specimens of folly.

One “brother” was objected to because he had published certain communications in this proscribed paper. His case was referred to a committee, which, after receiving his confession that he had been imprudent in the use of language, and manifested a bad spirit in his articles, reported favorably. Theron his character was passed.

Another “brother” at an early session of the Conference, in debate with a few of the preachers on slavery, had said—“That if the Christian Advocate and Journal should be opened to the full and free discussion of the subject, nearly all our preachers and people would become abolitionists.” When his character was called up for examination,

prospect of a Convention being called as soon as practicable. We propose the first Sunday in October, in the 9th Month (September,) to convene at 10 o'clock. A. M. Let us meet for or make Indians in the rear. Let us then, by our strength with redoubled zeal and diligence. We should almost do injustice to our feelings not to say that our deepest interests are involved in the prospect of a convention. The cry of a suffering people, the warnings of oppression, and the voice of conscience simultaneously cry out, come let us reason together.” Let us link our faith, buckle on our armor, concentrate our energies, move forward in perfect concatenation till the giant of oppression shall yield before the mighty phalanx of moral force. The trumpet-call invitation bursts from every quarter. Warnings, entreaties, solicitations are showering around us to impel us onward to the great cause of liberty and humanity. And shall we sleep or shall we act?

“We remain with unceasing respect,  
thine in the cause of the oppressed,  
KERSERY GRAVE,  
PUSEY GRAVE.

Milton is in the south-western part of Wayne county and quite convenient to the people of Franklin and Decatur counties. Our friends in these three counties as well as in Jefferson will therefore find no difficulty, we presume, in agreeing on Milton as a suitable place for the Convention.

Three other places it will be remembered, have been named—Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Greenastle. Indianapolis is in the centre of the State, but there is, we believe, no society there, and there is no assurance that it would furnish the necessary accommodations. Crawfordsville and Greenastle are both far over in the western part of the State, removed some distance from those counties in which abolitionists are most numerous, and too far off to secure the attendance of many of the friends from Ohio. Carroll and Cass counties are in the northern half of the State, but Logansport the farthest point in this direction from which we could expect many abolitionists, is only about one hundred and twenty miles from Milton. These are the two principal abolition counties in the northern part of the State, and we doubt not that the friends there would be quite willing, in view of all the advantages presented by Milton, that it should be selected as the place of meeting. As for Morgan, Monroe, and Owen counties, they would find it still more convenient.

All seem to agree that the time for holding it should be somewhere in the earlier part of September.

We hope that in our next number we shall be able to announce with certainty both time and place.

CINCINNATI RIOTS.—A wrong impression prevails with some persons, in regard to the prosecution of the Cincinnati rioters. Why, it is asked, were not the influential citizens, who engaged in the doings of the Market-house meeting and its Committee—why were they not prosecuted?

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## POETRY.

The following thrilling Poem was read at one of the dedicatory meetings by CHARLES C. BURLING.

### ADDRESS.

Read at the opening of Pennsylvania Hall.

WRITTEN BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Not with the splendor of the days of old—  
The spoil of nations, and barbaric gold—  
No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,  
Where dark and stern th' unyielding Roman stood,  
And the proud Eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—  
Nor blazoned car—no banners floating gay,  
Like those which sweep along the Appian way,  
When to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet peal, and shoutings wild and high,  
Stirred the blue quiet of th' Italian sky—  
But calm, and grateful, prayerful and sincere,  
As Christian frenem only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and walls—  
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

O! lofier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,  
Stood darkly mirored in the Aegean seas,  
Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between—  
Where glorious Athene from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—  
And the chaste temple, and the classic sage—  
The Hall of sages—and the bowers of love,  
And fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave  
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;  
And stately rose on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's done—the Coliseum's pride—  
The Capitol, whose arches backward lung—  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue—  
Whence stern decree, like words of fate, went forth  
To the awed nations of a conquered earth,  
Where the proud Caesar in their glory came,  
And Brutus lightened from his lips of fame!

Yet in the porch of Athene's halls,  
And in the shadow of her stately walls,  
Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow;  
And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome  
Of the proud Pantheon of impious Rome.  
O! not for him—the chained and stricken slave—  
By Tiber's shore, or blue Egeine's wave,  
In the thronged forum, or the sage's seat,  
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat—  
No soul of sorrow meted at his pain—  
No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall to Truth and Freedom given,  
Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven,  
A free arena for the strife of mind,  
To cast, or seek, or color unconfin'd,  
Shall thrill with echoes such as ne'er of old  
From Roman Hall, or Grecian Temple roll'd;

Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet  
The Propylea or the Forum met.  
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
Shall win applause with the waste of life—  
No lordly lurge urge the barbarous game,  
No wanton Lais glory in her shame,

But here the tear of sympathy shall flow—  
As the earlist to the tale of woe—  
Here the stern judgment of th' oppressor's wrong,  
Shall strong rebuking drill on Freedom's tongue—  
No partial justice hold th' unequal scale—  
No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—

No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,  
Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!  
But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;  
Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone;  
And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;  
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp and might,  
Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand,  
Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
From the blue waters, Delaware!—to press  
The virgin verdure of the wilderness.

Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
The soul's high freedom trammell'd by no law;  
Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
Gathered, in peace, around the home of Pax,  
Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,  
Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven—

Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong  
First found an earnest and indignant tongue—  
Where Ley's bold message to the proud was borne;

And Keith's rebuke, and Franklin's manly scorn!—  
Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
From her fair feet shook off the old world's dust,  
Spread her white pinions to our western blast,  
And her free tresses to our sunshiny east;

One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's ban—  
One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!—

O! if the spirit of the parted come,  
Visiting angels, to their olden home—  
If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
From their fair dwellings, to the things of earth—

It is a dream that with their eyes of love,  
They gaze now on us from the bowers above?

They're silent soul—and Benezet the mild,  
Meek-hearted Woolman,—and that brother band,  
The sorrowing exiles from their Fatherland,

Leaving their home in Krishen's bower of vine,  
And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
To seek amidst our solem depths of wood,  
Freedom from man, and holy peace with God;

Who first of all their testimonial gave  
Against th' oppressor; for the outcast slave—  
It is a dream that such as these look down,  
And with their blessing our rejoicing crowns!

Let us rejoice, that while the Pulpit's door  
Is barred against the plodders for the poor—  
While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death—

While crafty Trafic and the lost of Gain  
Unite to force Oppression's triple chain,  
One door is open—and one Temple free—  
A resting-place for hunted Liberty!

Where men may speak, unshackled and unbound,  
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God,

And when that Truth its perfect work hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hang—  
When a soul a blight beneath its yoke shall pine,  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine,

When unto angel-lips at last is given  
The silver trumpe of Jubilee in Heaven;

And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,  
And through the sun Florida's overglades,  
To meet that angel-trumpet's sound,

The voice of millions from their chains unbound—  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand

The best and noblest of a ransomed land—

Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine  
Of Mecca—or of holy Palestine!—

A proud glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Parchment.

Here shall the child of after years be taught  
The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—

Told of the trials of the present hour,

Our weary strife with prejudice and power—

How the high errand quickened woman's soul,

And touched her lip as with the living coal—  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their holy faith,  
True and unwavering unto bonds and death—  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,  
The Muse's garland crown its aged wall,  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!

From the Bangor Mechanic.

A PARODY.  
My country! 'tis for thee,  
Dark land of slavery;  
For thee, I weep;  
Land where the slave has sighed,  
There he toiled and died,  
To serve a tyrant's pride—

For thee, I weep—

My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free—  
Of liberty—  
My native country, ne'er;  
A fast in sorrow keep,  
The stain is foul and deep  
Of slavery.

From every mountain side,  
Upon the ocean's tide,  
They call on thee;  
Amid thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and tempest hills,  
I hear a voice which thrills,  
Let all go free !

Arise! break every band,  
And sound throughout this land  
Sweet Freedom's song:  
No groans that song shall break,  
But all that breathe partake,  
And slaves thine silence break—

The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee, we pray:  
Soon may our land be pure,  
Let Freedom's light endure,  
And liberty to all secure,  
Beneath thy sway. SARA.

Brewer, April 12, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Journal.

Prache Seven.

"Mother," said a little girl seven years old, I could not understand our minister to day;—he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Won't he mother?" Yes, I think so, if we ask him. Soon after, her father saw her going to the minister's.—"Where are you going Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. —'s to ask him to preach

This little incident has taught the pastor of Emma an important lesson on preaching the gospel with simplicity. There is a happy medium between that coarseness which offends, and that refinement which is above comprehension. This medium is the genuine Saxon-English, which is intelligible to all, and offensive to none.

Who is offended with the style of Milton in that noble sonnet on the massacre in Piedmont—with the style of the Liturgy, or that of our English Bible? No one of good taste: for therein we get pleasure in plain Saxon.

Not long since I heard a minister close the last of a series of sermons on the evidences of Christianity, thus:—"Now let the infidel go where the owl's hoot; and the bats wing their starless flight; but we, when death shall sound our retreat from the shores of mortality, will shun off these clogs of clay, lie down quiescent in the grave, and rise to realms of endless day."

That minister preached to a city congregation, and had the reputation of being a very eloquent man; but, if he had not gone to "the realms of endless day," I should feel desirous of sending Emma with the request that he would preach small. And so I have felt when I have heard a certain good brother in Ohio preach. Instead of brotherly love, he always says, fraternal affection. Why did not Paul say (Heb. xiii, 1), Let fraternal affection continue. And in order, as I suppose to avoid the appearance of egotism, when he rises to preach, he introduces the sermon thus:—"We propose in this discourse," &c. Why did not the apostle, for sure he was a modest man, say, "Whereunto we are appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles?"

To other ears it may sound well; but my own egotism is more intolerable than egotism.

Not long since I heard a minister telling about the animal economy. Animal economy! thought I; will not his hearers infer that he is speaking about quadrupeds instead of bipeds?

And this is in accordance with the philosophy of things." My good brother, what do you suppose that plain man in your congregation will understand by the "philosophy of things?" "Preach small,"—smaller, if you would be understood.

Every body understands the Rev. Mr. Hare in his village sermon. "There is hardly a poor person in these parts of England who does not get what our grandfathers would have deemed to be luxuries. I will mention two of these—tea and wheatbread. If any one, a hundred years ago, had foretold that the time would come when every cottage in England would have its tea-pot, and its loaf of wheatbread, he would have been laughed at as foolish dreamer. Yet the time is come!"

Now what if Mr. Hare had called upon his people to be grateful for so fragrant a beverage (tea), and so famous a luxury (wheatbread), who would have known what was piped or harped? They might have thought themselves called upon to be grateful that the Goths and Vandals were dead, or that such a thing as a steam engine had been invented!

Some where I have read an anecdote of an American officer who was peculiar for the quaintness and point with which he gave commands. On one occasion the battle was won and the event doubtful. The officer saw that his men were shooting over, and instantly darting by the ranks, cried, shin them, boys! shin them! when their leveled muskets were turned down the enemy, and gave the American victory.

The point of this anecdote may be worthy of a remembrance; for all the world over, he who delves highest, who deliberately fires low; and he preaches best, who in the sense above named preaches small.

Singular and Interesting Occurrence.

A respectable woman having left her child, an infant of two years of age, to play about the door, till she attended to some household duties, went when she was disengaged to look for her charge.

The urchin could barely crawl, and she expected to find it at the door. There, however, it was not, and the mother, in considerable alarm, called on several of the neighbors, to inquire if they had seen her child. No one had seen it; and an considerable time had now elapsed in making fruitless enquiries, the anxiety and tears of the poor woman became proportionally augmented. Parents only can judge of her feelings when no trace of their child could be found. The neighbors kindly assisted in making strict inquiry in every well, pig-stye, hen-roost, and out of the way corner, for the wandering wean. He was, however, nowhere to be found, and as a last resource, it was resolved that the child should be sent through the town. In

the meantime the mother, in a state bordering on distraction, went into her own house to rummage every hole and bunker, bed and cupboard. While thus employed, one of her sympathizing friends happened to cast her eyes to the gable of a neighboring house, and there, with surprise and horror, discovered the lost child perched on a ladder, and within a few steps of its very top, apparently quite delighted with its state of exaltation. A lady endeavored to induce the ambitious mite to come down—but no, it shook its head and sat fast. She then tried to go up the ladder, but half way up her head grew giddy, and she was obliged to descend without accomplishing her object. The mother was informed by this time that the child was found, but her feelings may be more easily guessed than described when she saw its danger. The ladder was long enough to reach the eaves of the three-story house, and within four steps of it was her child, holding firmly by one of the bars, and looking quite placidly on the faces below. With trembling steps the agitated mother cautiously ascended the ladder, but when within arm's length of her infant, and on the point of laying hold of him, he, as if to mock the agony of his parent, clambered up the remaining steps, and straddling across the topmost bar, held out his little hands and smiled, as if proud of his daring feat. The mother at last folded the object of her fears and affections to her fond bosom, and descended with her precious burden in safety, shedding tears of gratitude and breathing a heartfelt prayer to that Providence which had so miraculously preserved her dear little pet.

The Spider.

*Astonishing Curiosity.*—On the evening of the 13th ult. a gentleman in this village found in his wine cellar, a live striped snake, 9 inches long, suspended between two shelves, by the tail by a spider's web. The snake hung so that he could not reach the shelf below him by about an inch; and several large spiders were then upon him sucking his juice. The shelves were about two feet apart; the lower one was just below the bottom of the cellar window, through which the snake probably passed. From the shelf above there was a web in the shape of an inverted cone, 8 or 10 inches in diameter at the top and concentrated to a focus about 6 or 8 inches from the underside of this shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied thread of spider's web, and which had so miraculously preserved her dear little pet.

ASHES.

Of all things to make grass grow, ashes beats; this you may depend upon, for I have tried it often and it has never failed yet; just collect as much of it together as you can, the more the better, and spread it over your grass grounds, and see if I am not correct in my assertion. It is said by some that it is the potash which is in it, that produces the effect, and I strongly suspect they are right in this matter; for two years ago, suspecting that to be the case, I procured some potash from an apothecary, which cost about five cents a pound, and dissolved it in water, and put it over the grass ground with a watering pot, just for an experiment, and you would have been surprised to see how luxuriantly the grass grew where it was put. Now I should like some of the intelligent farmers who take your paper to try an experiment with potash this spring, and inform your readers of the result through the Cabinet. Some say it is excellent for Indian corn. This might also be tried. My object is to make plenty of grass grow, for I find if we can do that, we can accomplish every thing we desire in Agriculture, because with that we can feed stock, and by that means make manure, and with plenty of manure, what cannot be done by industrious and intelligent farmers. I say industrious and intelligent, because without these two qualities, a man had better quit farming at once, and try to find out some business soon, that can be carried on to profit without those indispensable qualifications to a farmer; and when the discovery is made, I hope it will be communicated through your paper, for I should like to embark in such a business, as I am well adapted to it by nature.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

*Mobs.*—are generally got up by office holders or office seekers, &c.

it never was calculated to last more than twenty minutes; that space of time was likewise the estimated duration of a calm; and one poor fellow, blue and white with active sea sickness, was told to keep good heart, for it might not last more than twenty minutes! When I arrived at New York, after numerous provoking delays, and had become fairly established at my lodgings, there comes me up a waiter in hot haste, with "Mr. Matthews! Mr. Matthews! you can't stay here no longer, sa!"—"What's the matter?—the reason? why can't I?"—"Cause, sa, the Sheriff has issued his ass-a-rar, and the red flag is out of the winder, and they're givin' to sell out, sir! 'When must I go?'—"Why, sa, I s'pect you'd better be gettin' away in about twenty minutes!" And thus, continued Matthews in his fretful querulous manner, 'was it from the moment I set foot in America. You'd hardly believe it, yet I had just returned from callin' to see an old friend, who was very kind to me on my former visit. 'Where is Mr. B. said I, to the servant—"He is dead, sir!" "Dead! dead! How long since he deceased?" "I should think about twenty minutes, sir!" was the answer. In short, concluded the inimitable minnie; 'there is nothing that cannot be, and is not done, in the U. S. States in twenty minutes.'

STEAM SCOURING AND CLOTHES-DRESSING

EMPORIUM.

The subscriber continues to carry on the Steam Scouring business, in his old stand on Walnut street, between 3d and 4th, and respectfully returns his thanks to the citizens of Cincinnati and vicinity, for their former patronage, and hopes by strict attention to the business to merit a continuance of their favor. His object of renovating is upon the most approved plan. He assures the public that he will extract all the oil of his ashes, & will restore the cloth to its former appearance without injury, by means of a composition that he uses expressly for that purpose.—Cost, dollars cleaned without altering the shape, and lost colors restored.

Ladies habits, table-clothed, and garments of all descriptions, done at the shortest notice, and in the best possible style.—This he promises to perform or no pay.

CHARLES SATCHELL, Cincinnati, July 26, 1837.

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N. B.—A large assortment of the above goods kept constantly on hand, which they offer for sale. Wholesale and Retail on the most favorable terms.

## REMOVAL.

### EMERY & HOWELL.

Have removed their Cooper's Ware Manufactury and grocery business to their new stand on Main street, near Front, West side, where they have on hand of good material and excellent workmanship, and offer to sell on good terms.

600 Barrels and Staff Pine and Cedar Churns,  
300 Nest Tubs, do.  
300 Cedar Buckets,  
50 Dozen Wash-boards,  
50 Doz. Painted Buckets,  
150 Doz. Brooms,  
50 Doz. Ladies Travelling and Market Baskets,  
30 Bales Hops,  
600 Boxes Cigars,  
600 Feet Wooden Bowls,  
30 Boxes Manila Mats,  
20 Boxes Sperm Candles,  
200 Kegs Tar, with a general variety of Cordage,

Groceries,